

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

WHEN THE LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL.

I've seen the trees put forth their leaves,
The flowers fade and fall,
It makes my heart so sad and drear,
Because I love them all.

When the leaves begin to fall,
And the birds no longer sing,
Then my heart is lonely and sad,
Longing for their song again.

Then the night bird ceases his call,
Does he mourn his loving mate,
When the leaves begin to fall,
And all earth so desolate.

When the leaves, &c.

Why mourn I now for the dead leaves,
Spring-time will soon come again,
Hearts that were saddened and lonely,
Will join in glad some refrain.

When the leaves, &c.

Nature will once more be joyous,
Clad in her bright robes of green,
Leaves that were faded and fallen,
No trace of them can be seen.

When the leaves, &c.

Oh, life how like a flower,
That blooms for but a day,
Then droop their heads in quiet sleep,
And gently pass away.

The leaf that withers now,
The flowers that fade and fall,
Will bloom again when spring-time comes,
Oh, how I love them all.

When the leaves, &c.

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